

A N
E S S A Y,

T O T H E
Pious Memory

Of that Late

REVEREND DIVINE,

M^R. George Trosse,

Of the City of *Exon*,

Who died suddenly upon the Eleventh Day of
JANUARY, 1712-13. *Ætatis sue* 82.

By *J. Mortmore* *Goldsmith*
Exon

*Death breaks the Day to Saints Eternal Light.
The Grave detains their Bodies but one Night.
Some Monument erect, that his great Name
Be still advanc'd, above the Wings of Fame.
That envious Time, unto Posterity,
May never wrong his Sacred Memory.*

EXON: Printed by Sam. Farley, for John March Book
seller, by the Great Conduit in the High-street, 1713.

(Price Two Pence.)

ESSAYS

TO THE
Pious Memory
Of that Late

REVEREND DIVINE,
Mr. George Cross
Of the City of Exon,

Who died suddenly upon the Eleventh Day of
JANUARY, 1713-14. Aged 82.

By J. M.

Death breaks the Day to Saints Eternal Light.
The Grave retains their Bodies but one Night.
Some Monument erect, that his great Name
He still should stand, above the Wings of Time.
That ev'ry Time, unto Posterity,
May never wrong his Sacred Memory.

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An Essay, &c.

OUR Parents first **Rebellious Sin**, gave **Death**
It's **Life**, to stop their own and **Offspring's Breath**.
O! Cursed Sin, thou murdering **Brat of Hell**;
Thence sprung the prime **Assault** by which they fell.
Old Time and **Fatal Death**, of late combine,
To snatch from us a **Reverend Divine**.
The Famous **TROSSE**, that Holy Pious One,
By such a **Character** who best was known,
Fell by those **Hands**, whose **Crueley** spares none.
Enquire into his **Line** and **Pedigree**.
You'll find him in an **antient Family**.
To **Oxford** he was sent for **Education**;
So long continued there with **Approbation**,
Till **Learning** furnish'd him for highest **Station**.

Now, where's the **Man** that knew his **matchless Worth**?
Or durst attempt his **Praise**, to set it forth?
A **Work** surpassing still all **mortal Skill**,
Except some winged **Seraph** lend a **Quill**.
Much time employ'd therein, when all's survey'd,
Yet you will say, of him there's nothing said.

The Mournful Muse in dumb'ring Silence sat,
 Struck with Amazement at this sudden Fate:
 Sudden indeed to all! but least to him;
 His Dress was on, and watchful still his Lamp to trim.
 Nor could *Death's* threat'ning Hand, or wakeful Eyes,
 Ever this ready *Virgin-Saint* surprize.
 The lofty Fame of the great Name of TROSSE
 Nonplus'd the Muse; her Thoughts ran all at loss:
 Attempts in her *Polite* and *Silver* Strain,
 Reviews, dislikes, then raz'd out all again.
 Had *Herbert* and *Cowley* prolong'd their stay,
 On Earth remain'd with us until this Day;
 Imagine we, with what ambitious Strife
 They would contend, who best could write his LIFE.
 For want of those, whose *Lawrels* sprang from *Rhime*,
 Call in the *Apelles* of this vulgar Time;
 His Pencil, when display'd with utmost Grace,
 His Shaddow may resemble, not his face.
 Should we review what past in younger Days,
 I will soon a Storm of Grief and Sorrow raise,
 Some early Years (too common found in Youth)
 He spent in Sin; forsook the Way of Truth,
 Where any Good appear'd he would deride;
 Which made the Breach 'twixt him and Heaven grow wide.
 Let Silence shift this melancholy Scene;
 The next will open both pleasant and serene.
 But now the Enemy at last gives place,
 To th' mighty Power of Almighty Grace;
 Whose Offers rich, no longer could repel;
 Down to whose Feet a Victim strait he fell:

And now his Soul, and Life, all that he is,
(In flaming Love) offers in Sacrifice:
O Holy Soul, whose Life's so soon refin'd;
O happy Soul, to God that's thus resign'd.
Thou fairest, charming, Heavenly Creature,
Where Grace Divine's display'd in e'ry Feature,
Surely such Beauty ne'er cou'd spring from Nature.
With Love and Pity poor Sinners state condoles,
Right well he knew the precious worth of Souls.

His Person very comely; of middle Stature,
Majestick Sweetness sway'd this Noble Creature.
With Genius singular, exceeding bright,
Nature enrich'd this darling Favourite.
Of courteous Behaviour, to all most civil;
Full fraught with Charity, that thinks no Evil.
Honour'd by most for serious Godliness;
By some for true Gentility no less.
Which two cohabited, Strangers to Strife,
Him guided through the Labyrinth of Life.
He knew where e'er he was, 'twas in God's sight,
What e'er he did, he did with all his might,
He was a burning, and a shining Light.
Cease not to pray the God of Light therefore,
That He to us again such Lights restore.
Godliness and Learning did here in Consort sit,
Great judgment had the conduct of a pregnant Wit.

He spent himself in Prayer and Meditation,
These were his Work, and only Recreation.
Idleness he never thought a petty Crime,
Publick and private VVork ingross'd his time;
Of which he may be said to lose no share,

That Natures bare necessity cou'd spare.
 Of Heavenly Things he preach'd, explain'd their Sense,
 As if a Native sent to us from thence.
 Heaven long while lent us his Commoration,
 And there likewise he had his Conversation.
 His fervent Prayers, so flow'd with Eloquence,
 That upright Souls they mov'd with such a Sense,
 As oftentimes to wish they cou'd go hence.
 The darkness of the Scriptures brought to light,
 To all, the Word of Truth divided right.
 His Conscience kept possess'd, of Peace that bred
 A Feast continually, on which he fed,
 No Avarice his Noble Soul cou'd stain,
 On all Terrestrial Glory he cast di dain.
 Wealthy Temptations only serv'd for tryal,
 To prove his Life one act of Self-denial.
 Refined Gold so oft vile Mortals trust,
 His more refined Soul reduc'd to Dust.
 No Titles, or Church-Preferments he persu'd,
 As by his *Nonconformity* he shew'd.

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Nor Pains, nor Purse (well known) he never spar'd,
 When Rich or Poor to him for help repair'd.
 He drove by this his constant way, and ev'n,
 A sure, and Soul-enriching Trade with Heav'n.

An *Israelite* indeed; whose Heart's so pure;
 Adorn'd with Graces richest Furniture.
 If any one exceeded in degree,
 Doubtless 'twas his profound humility.
 A Grace so rich, that always brings in more,
 The lowly, humble Soul, can ne'er be poor.

Memorable

Memorable too, his bounteous way of living,
What freely he receiv'd, was free in giving.
This Heavenly-covetous Man, to gain the more,
Lent to the Lord, by giving to the Poor.
His Right Hand often gave (give him his due)
To whom, and what, his Left Hand never knew.
Whose *Charity* to Soul or Body ne'er was scant;
His *Query* was not who, but what they want.
He knew that here, or after his decease,
All wou'd be paid, with manifold Encrease.

Nature and Grace design'd this Master-piece,
To mind what once we were in Paradise.
Excell'd in Divine, and Heavenly Arts,
Wisdom restrain'd, th' exuberance of his Parts.
For Piety, Deportment, Grave and Sage,
Well might be thought, the *Phanix* of his Age.

Death waited long the Sovereign's Decree,
That he his Executioner might be,
And from the Miseries of Life set free.
"Go, call my Servant home, make no delay,
"Lay by thy Dart, and whisper him away.
Death's hint he took; his Errant well he knew,
Nor did he stay, to bid his Friends adieu.
The Winged Messengers of Heaven down fly,
Swifter than *brightest* Light'ning from the Sky,
They seize his Soul and bear it up on high.
Time and Work ended; now he's gone to Rest,
In his most dear, and loving Saviour's Breast.
Where he beholds the brightness of his Face,
Where he enjoys the Glories of his Grace.

Before

Before whose Throne the highest Cherubs bow,
Where joys ne'er end; there's an Eternal now.
Where wasting Time's unknown, and keeps no Date,
The Saints are safe in this their blessed State.
Where's no complaint, nothing deserving blame,
Where always Work and Wages are the same.
Faith here is swallowed up of Vision,
And Hope made perfect in full Fruition.
Those Vessels of Glory, all fill'd to brim,
In Rivers of everlasting Pleasures swim.
Blest Souls, compos'd all of Harmony,
With Angels joyn, in sweetest Melody,
New Songs of Praise, and Hallelujahs sing,
Unto the Lamb, and their Eternal King.
O! May our longings be to meet him there,
And soon discharg'd from Worldly Toyl and Care.

Now mourn ye Saints, that in this City dwell,
Lament, cease not from Day to Day to tell,
How *Israel* groan'd, when this tall Cedar fell.
Ye Daughters of *Jerusalem*, likewise,
Lament, let Tears in Floods flow from your Eyes.
Some few reserve, and when that way you come,
Turn in, bestow them on the Prophet's Tomb.
Lo we! How *Sion* droops; *EX'TER* weeps sore,
BRITAIN its self, with all her richest store,
Can find out such a Prize for Death no more.

Oft times our Ears in glad Attention hung,
Upon the charming Lessons of his Tongue.
'Tis vain to wish for one Glass turned more,
Recal, and live, what we heard, heretofore.
He's gone (let's trace his Path) we must away,

O Mortal we,
Whose Name is Vanity.

From first to last alas ! Our longest stay,
In Life, may well be call'd one dying Day.

Thou Sublime Soul, who can thy Words rehearse?
Or Number out thy Righteous Deeds in Verse?
A worthy Pattern for our Imitation,
No *Buts*, nor *Spots*, to stain his Reputation.
Envy and Spight durst never shew their Face ;
But through Disguise of counterfeited Grace.

He oft exprest (God willing) a Desire,
That in his Master's Work he might expire.
The *Sabbath* Morning, the same attended,
A Sermon preached, when that he ended,
In Prayer to God, all recommended. }
That Day at Noon, in th' Evening of Old Age,
He left the World, softly went off the Stage.
Almost kind Death forgot his dying Day,
(With *Enoch*) thought him gone some other way.
His Lease cut liv'd, of Threescore Years and Ten,
Nigh Twelve more added, to the Age of Men.
Then to his Grave goes down, with Snow-white Head,
As Corn (when fully ripe) in Garner's laid.
Those many Tears, shed at his Funeral,
Loudly proclaim, how dear he was to all ;
Who long'd our Saviour's Words fulfill'd to see,
That where I am, there shall my Servant be,
The Happiness of Heaven we'll leave him to possess,
The way to him and Heaven is Holiness.

His E P I T A P H.

THIS Precious Jewel, the Purchaser long lent
 Unto his Spouse, for Use and Ornament;
 One of the brightest Stars that ever shon
 In Britain's Isle, or Church's Horizon.
 From hence of late remov'd, his Course was run,
 Where now he's fix'd, by far out-shines the Sun.
 The mouldring Cabinet that here is lain,
 Was left behind,
 To be refin'd,
 In that great Day, when Christ appears again.

Or thus.

WHEN Power Omnipotent appears to Reign
 On Earth, to raise the Dead to Life again;
 When Earth and Sea deliver up their Trust,
 Then shall this flaming Urn his sacred Dust.
 This World shall end, consum'd to Ashes lie:
 When Times run out, then Death it self shall die.
 The blessed Saints Triumph, with Joy surpriz'd,
 In that great Day,
 Descend Mid-way,
 Their Mortal Bodies meet Immortaliz'd.

